

11-16-1914

Evangelical Visitor- November 16, 1914. Vol. XXVIII. No. 23.

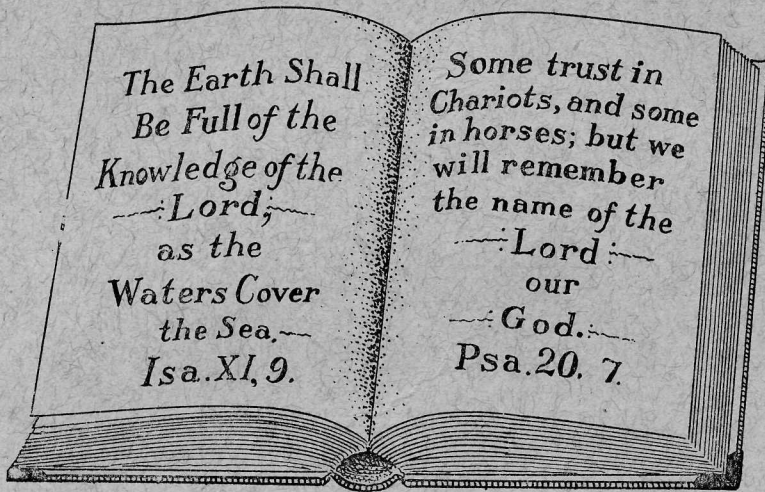
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Visitor.

GRANTHAM, PA.

November 16, 1914.

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VOL. XXVIII. GRANTHAM, PA., MON DAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1914.

No. 23

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THE HUMAN PENDULUM.

A story is told of an old clock which may very likely be true, though the hero of it must have been a very slender youth.

After the fatal day of Colloden, a famous battle in Scotland, the soldiers of the defeated army fled in all directions, and one of them took refuge in a small farmhouse, where he found sympathizing friends. They gave him food in the kitchen, while some one watched to see if he was pursued. He had finished his meal, and, hoping he had escaped notice, was just preparing to set off again when there was a cry, "The soldiers are coming!" He attempted to make off by the back way, but it was seen that the party had divided, and were approaching from both directions.

There was a hurried look around for a place of refuge. "Into the clock with you,

lad," said the farmer, and into the long case the fugitive squeezed. But there was not room for him and for the pendulum to swing. "You must pull on the wheel yourself," said the owner, and the clock responded with a steady tick! tick!

"Has Sir John Macdonald passed this way?" demanded the captain, as the troop entered the kitchen, and, hardly waiting for a reply, began a thorough search upstairs and down. They were soon satisfied that he whom they sought was not there. "Well for you, he's not," said the captain grimly. "Give us some food before we start off again. We shan't lose him in half an hour, as he's on foot and we ride."

How slowly the seconds seemed to pass while the men ate and drank, till at last the welcome sound of pushed back stools scraping on the flagged floor told the human pendulum that his task was nearly done.

"Good-bye, farmer. Your clock warns me we must be off," and at last the captain marched off with his men. Tick! tick! tick! Hardly had the last man gone when the fugitive fell in a dead faint. The strain of keeping the clock going at an even pace had been terrible. He got safely away; but it is said that to his dying day the ticking of a clock in a quiet room made him feel faint.
—*Young Woman.*

The Church is a missionary organization. It is animated with the desire to save the world. It cannot be satisfied to see sin, and unbelief and wrong all round it. It has the spirit of Christ who came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost. It obeys the command of its Lord when He directed it to preach the gospel to every creature. The Church will never be at rest while there is an unsaved soul on earth. Its work will not be complete until it has made known the saving grace of Christ to every sinner in the world. —*Sel.*

Evangelical Visitor

A Bi-Weekly

Religious Journal

For the exposition of true, practical piety and devoted to the spread of EVANGELICAL truths and the Unity of the church

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF THE
Brethren in Christ Church

OF

U. S. A. CANADA & FOREIGN COUNTRIES
At Grantham, Pa.

PRINTED BY GRANTHAM PRINTING CO.

EDITOR GEO. DETWILER.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

PER YEAR,\$1.00

SIX MONTHS,50 cts.

TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES, \$1.25 A YEAR.

(SAMPLE COPIES FREE.)

*Remittances should be made by P. O...
Money order, or Bank Drafts.*

Entered as Second Class Matter Dec.
20, 1912, at the post office at Grantham,
Pennsylvania, under the Act of Mar. 3,
1879.

OFFICE MANAGER
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St., Harrisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

WHAT MAY IT ALL MEAN?

Much speculation obtains in these days as to whether the great world-war now being waged in Europe is Armageddon. It will be noticed that one of our contributors entitles his writing with that name but without enlarging on the subject as suggested by the title any more than to refer to its location. Opinions vary greatly as to this matter, but we gather that students of prophecy who are considered as authority pretty generally do not consider that it is Armageddon. *The Sunday School Times* is publishing an interesting series of articles bearing on this question which it would be well for all who are interested in the momentous events which are now taking place, and which may increase in interest and importance, to read because of the importance of being acquainted with what prophecy teaches. Among the writers of these articles are such men as Dr. Griffith Thomas, C. I. Scofield, A. C. Gæbelein, James M. Gray, Charles R. Erdman and others, all of them occupying front rank as students and writers. Discussing the question as to whether this war may mark the end of the age, in the issue of Oct. 17, Dr. Thomas makes some far-reaching statements:

"There has never been such a thing, nor is there such a thing now, as a Christian nation. Unless national life is dominated by New Testament truth it is impossible to avoid war.

Wars and rumors of wars were foretold by Christ, and His disciples were not to be troubled thereby. These occurrences are proofs that during the present dispensation the Lord Jesus Christ is despised and rejected by the world, and wars and other great castas-

trophes may be expected to occur.

It is entirely incorrect to speak of the present war as the "battle of Armageddon." "The use of this term is interesting as a testimony to the influence of biblical language in describing great conflicts, but Armageddon is in Palestine, and really refers to the valley of Megiddo. The details connected with the battle mentioned in Revelation 16: 16 show that the conflict will take place between the Gentile powers under anti-Christ and God's people, the Jews, who will be in Palestine at that time. It is, of course, quite within the bounds of possibility that the present war may be a step in preparation for Armageddon."

It is quite clear that the occurrence of this present war does not mean the failure of Christianity; it is due rather, to a lack of Christianity. Civilization has broken down, but not Christianity.

War is absolutely opposed to Christianity. "It never has been and never can be, even humane." It is more hideous now than ever. "If we could see, or even read, of the terrible horrors of wounded, maimed, dying, and dead soldiers, we should shrink with unutterable loathing from the thought that war is anything but the most horrible and diabolical thing on earth."

The kingdom of God does not consist in a new social order nor is it the coming of civilization and international peace. Neither of these is the New Testament conception of the kingdom. Civilization and the kingdom of God are not synonymous terms.

There will be no real peace until the Lord Himself as King ushers in His kingdom.

He relates the following significant incident:

"Sometime ago a well-known Scottish clergyman, Dr. Kelman, gave a striking bit of personal testimony. He was crossing the Atlantic, and late one night

noticed a lonely figure on deck who turned out to be a leading American citizen. Dr. Kelman and he began talking about the social condition of American cities. The American described the poverty and gloom of much modern life, and Dr. Kelman thereupon remarked, 'I thought you were living in the van of all these things and showing us how to escape from the old evils.'

'No,' was the reply, 'there is only one thing that will cure America.'

'What is that?'

'Empire.'

'Empire,' rejoined Dr. Kelman, 'I never heard an American say a word like that before.'

'Yes,' said the other very quietly.

'Have you got an emperor?'

'Yes, I have, and He is coming very soon. His name is Jesus Christ.'

Thus the "blessed hope" of the New Testament comes into greater prominence. Christ when He comes will usher in peace and unity.

This world catastrophe will no doubt bring Christian people to turn their attention more earnestly to the word of prophecy, and will look for deliverance to the imminent advent of the King, and not to the gradual amelioration of social and national conditions."

The following paragraphs are from Dr. Scofield writing on the same general theme.

"Unfortunately prophecy... has been so 'wounded in the house of its friends' as not to carry any great weight of authority. Traditional methods of interpretation on the one hand, and on the other the use of prophecy to bolster up every wild theory of every fanatic, have caused the plain people of God to turn perplexed from prophecy's great ministry in despair of finding therein any clear revelation of things to come. And God has gone on fulfilling His word, not in some so-called 'spiritual' or al-

legorical sense, but according to the simple, natural, unforced meaning of the words."

"The word of God describes the course and end of our age with extreme minuteness."

"The age, or dispensation in which we live was not in the vision of the Old Testament prophet (Matt. 13: 16, 17; Eph. 3: 8, 9). It is parenthetical in the divine program. Like a valley between two mountain peaks that blend into one horizon, the Old Testament seer was not permitted to gaze into its depths."

"He saw the Assyrian, and Babylonian captivities of Israel: the world-wide dispersion: the advent of Messiah as Son of David, born of a virgin, and yet in some way not fully revealed, Immanuel, 'God with us'; saw Him in one apparently paradoxical vision as a King reigning in resistless power and yet 'led as a lamb to the slaughter'; saw the regathering and conversion of Israel; saw Israel made the head of nations, and the instrument of the final conversion of the world under the personal reign of Messiah. He did not see either the church or the mixed condition of wheat and tares, children of the kingdom and children of the Evil One, true believers and mere professors, constituting the present, or 'mystery' form of the kingdom of heaven."

But space would fail us to print all that we would like to of these articles.

Dr. Scofield writes further of

THE COURSE AND CHARACTER OF THIS AGE and THE WAR SIGN AND THE END.

This is only a hint of the articles of special interest that *The Times* is now printing. Among others is one of special interest. "On the outlook for Tsingtau as it affects Germany, China, Japan, and Christian missions," written by a man who knows probably more than anyone else in America about it.

For years he lived in the city which is now the Asiatic center of the world-war, and is at present in America.

Send to *The Sunday School Times Co.*, 1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., for a few sample copies of current issues.

Yet there are others, students of prophecy, who interpret the Scriptures differently from the class of which we have spoken above. Wm. S. Hinkle has sent us a clipping from one of the St. Louis papers in which a writer with a high sounding name, Prof. Sothnos Latillier, The Distinguished Astrologer, gives it out that this is the predestined year in which the Star of Bethlehem reappears in the heavens to herald the battle of Armageddon, that the comet which is now dimly visible, and which has been named "Delevan's Comet" is really the Star of Bethlehem and that by Dec. 25, it will be in about the same position as it was when Christ was born. The learned professor comes to the conclusion that this world-war is really the battle of Armageddon foretold in the Bible, in the 16th., chapter of Revelations.' It is however in place to say that the theory here advocated seems to be in league with soothsaying and fortune-telling, and as such is under the ban of the Holy Scriptures.

There are, however, several of our exchanges whose editors find fulfillment of all the prophetic utterances relating to Israel's future restoration and glory as belonging to the Church during this dispensation, and insist that their's is the correct interpretation, however much, it may seem to others, they must strain the text to make it fit their theory.

The signs of the times point to greater confusion and more far-reaching calamities, and God's children are admonished to be patient, to have the faith of God, to be ready for the Master's return. For those who are "in Christ"

there is no condemnation, (judgment) since they have been made alive in Christ and are kept by the power of God unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

Dr. Scofield, in his concluding paragraph, in the article quoted from, above, says: "But prophecy is invincibly optimistic. For across the chasm of *tears* and *blood* in which this age ends, prophecy sees this earth's Golden Age. Under the righteous rule of the Prince of Peace, prophecy sees creation delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God; sees Nature giving up to redeemed man great unsuspected secrets of power; sees the earth "filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

So the child of God is encouraged to rest in God knowing that He is at the helm and guides the universe aright. He can sing:

*"My life flows on in endless song,
Beyond earth's lamentation;
I hear the sweet tho' far-off hymn
That hails a new creation.
Mid all the tumult and the strife,
I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul—
How can I keep from singing?"*

*"What tho' my joys and comforts die?
The Lord my Savior liveth:
What tho' the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night He giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that Refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?"*

*"I lift mine eyes; the clouds grow thin;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smoothes,
Since first I learned to love it;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my
heart,*

*A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine, since I am His,
How can I keep from singing?"*

Under the caption "The Automobile," Wm. S. Hinkle sends us the following, partly selected:

"The German Baptist brethren in national convention assembled, advised their churches not to allow their members to own or operate an automobile, auto-truck, motor-cycle, or any other motor vehicle. The advice given to the churches is contrary to the spirit of the age, *but in harmony with the gospel of Jesus Christ*. These good people say the users of machines are highminded, superior and puffed up. The automobile is a positive disadvantage to the church. It is assigned as one of the reasons for the falling-off in church attendance. The owner takes his family for a spin out into the country on Sunday instead of taking them to the house of God. Where one has no vital interest in the church and its work the temptation to go out into the country on Sunday is too strong to be resisted. *Its origin is of the devil and he is in the saddle with his machinery devastating Europe.*

The italicized portions are comments by Mr. Hinkle. Other parts are selected, but arranged by him. What may, or may not, be the origin of the automobile and its kindred, it is of doubtful wisdom for a church to make such a sweeping prohibition. It would better so indoctrinate its members with the principles of Christ that they would prohibit themselves from indulgences of the flesh, and make use of their motor vehicles in honoring the Master.

"Wherefore glorify God in your bodies which are his." —R. V.

The mission fields are more or less everywhere affected by the war conditions. It will be necessary that the home people be extra liberal in their support of the mission funds. Bro. Frey's articles on Consecrated Giving were illuminative and the effect on our people should be such as to largely increase the liberality of our people as individuals. Increase your offerings materially this year. Do you say you do not believe in missions? Then read the following incident and be converted. It is taken from the *Youth's Companion*:

HOW A MISSIONARY BORE ANOTHER'S BURDEN

An old gentleman living in a quiet eastern village, had a visit—the first in many years—from his son, a prosperous store-keeper in western Canada. On Sunday father and son went to church, where they listened to a sermon on Christian missions. Thruout the service the old gentleman was restless.

"I'm sorry," he said, as they left the church, "that I brought you here today. I'm sorry that you listened to that sermon. I don't believe in missions. They're a stupid waste of men and money."

The young man made no reply at the time, but when he reached home he asked his father and mother to let him tell them a little story.

"A few years ago," he began, "a young man left his father's farm to seek his fortunes in the Canadian West. He got into bad company, and was left one day by the roadside drunk and unconscious."

"At that place, living in a little sod-covered shack, there was a young man who had been sent out by a missionary society. He was brave. He loved men and sought them in the spirit of his Divine Master. He found the drunken fellow, who had been left by his companions to die from alcohol or exposure, and carried him to his shack, placed him in his own bed and worked over him until he brought him back to consciousness. Then after he had fed him, he remonstrated with him for wasting his life, and prayed earnestly with him."

"The young man confessed his sins and sought pardon. His after life proved the genuineness of his conversion. He has become an honored and respected citizen, and

as the world goes, a prosperous man. He is an officer in his church, and in order to add to the comfort of his aged parents, he sends them gladly five hundred dollars a year.

"Father and mother, I am that man and I tremble to think what I should have been but for that faithful missionary."

Missionaries in Turkey are having a taste of hardships consequent on the war conditions in Europe. The Mennonite Brethren in Christ have carried on mission and orphanage work at Hadjin for a number of years and the work was prospering and much good was done. But on account of the mobilization of the Turkish army, by which the men were called to arms and the horses taken there is now much suffering among the people, and things are generally in a demoralized condition. The mission workers were several times ordered to go to the coast under escort, and were only permitted to delay their going thru the intervention of the English consul. The work may in the end have to be given up. Oh, war is cruel. May God overrule all these tragic experiences for His own glory: Even the wrath of man shall praise Him.

President Wilson has issued the Annual Thanksgiving Proclamation naming Thursday, November 26, as the day to be observed. It would seem as tho Thanksgiving would have an unusual significance to this nation from the fact that plenty and peace prevail here while so many other countries are under the scourge of war, the people are compelled to face a winter in want, and under the extremest hardships.

It becomes necessary to refer again to the editor's absence of which a word was said in our last issue. For reasons not necessary to state here our de-

parture had to be postponed one week, so instead of leaving home Oct. 26, it occurred on Nov. 2. Our absence may now extend to the beginning of December but arrangements have been made that the paper will go out in regular order unless something unforeseen should occur. It is possible that some reports from missions or districts such as church news may not appear as promptly as when we have it in hand. Our trip is planned to extend as far west and north as Calgary and Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

NOTICE TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

We mailed all order blanks on the second of the month. It is the wish of the publishers to have orders in early so as to get the supplies out before the holiday rush. Please see to it that your orders reach us before December 1.

Our Beautiful 1915, Daily Text Calendar is worthy of a place in every home. It makes a nice Christmas present for your friend. The price is 25 cents per single copy, 5 for \$1.00, 12 for \$2.25. Send your orders now.

A Scofield, India Paper, Bible, list price, \$8.00. Our price, \$6.50. Thumb Index 25 cents extra.

A Combination Teacher's Bible, India Paper, list price, \$7.50. Our price \$4.50.

Watch ye therefore for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even or at midnight, or at the cock crowing, or in the morning, lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto you all watch.

THE PLACE OF SECRET PRAYER.

I love the place of secret prayer,
For Jesus always meets me there,
He tells me of His boundless love,
And of my future home above.
A light within my heart doth shine,
When bowed at that most hallowed shrine;
Which shows the merit of His blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

While kneeling in that closed retreat,
And worshipping at Jesus feet,
The Spirit causes me to see,
That Christ is fully saving me.
The blood He to my heart applies,
Which always fully sanctifies;
This robes me for the feast above,
The feast of everlasting love.

No other spot this side of heaven,
By mortals known, or to them given;
Can with that trysting place compare,
My secret shrine, my place of prayer.
Sorrow and fear are chased away,
As there I kneel and humbly pray,
O heavenly bliss, I seem to share,
When closeted with Jesus there.

—Sel. by Mrs. Sara Gracie.

HE KEEPETH ME EVER.

He keepeth me ever, where'er be the place;
I've only to ask it, most wonderful grace,
Tho sorest temptations, my spirit may try,
I know my Redeemer will ever be nigh.

He keepeth me ever with tenderest care;
I've only to ask Him my burdens to bear.
A word of His promise, He never will break;
Whoever may leave me, He'll never forsake.

He keepeth me ever, from yielding to dread;
Tho darkness be round me, and clouds over head.

He stilleth my doubtings, He lightens my grief;

I've only to trust Him H'll give me relief.

—Sel. by Mrs. Sara Gracie.

TWIN BALLOTS.

Along in November when chill was the weather,

Two ballots were cast in a box together.
They nestled up close like brother to brother;
You couldn't tell one of the votes from the other.

CHO.—They were both rum votes,
And sanctioned the license plan;
But one was cast by a cunning old brewer,
And one by a Sunday school man.

CONTRIBUTED.

UNION OF GOD'S CHILDREN.

Dear Readers of the VISITOR:—

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name" (Mal. 3: 16).

That fellowship is one of the primary needs of God's children is evident from the records we have in the Bible and from our personal experience. The uplifts that are sent into the heart and soul-life of those who are really spiritually alive by fellowship with those of like attainments are most precious and blessed seasons, and as we look back, upon them we long to have them more frequently repeated, so that our grip on the eternal realities may be more and more firmly clasped. For us to be the help God wants us to be to the minister, we must take him much upon our heart in real fervent and prevailing prayer, until he feels a mighty uplift in

The Sunday school man—no man could be truer—

Kept busy all summer denouncing the brewer;
But his fervor cooled off with the change of the weather,

And late in the autumn, they voted together.

The Sunday school man had always been noted

For fighting saloons except when he voted;
He piled up his prayers with a holy perfection,
Then knocked them all down on the day of election.

The cunning old brewer was cheerful and mellow;

Said he, "I admire that Sunday-school fellow;

He's true to his church—to his party he's truer,

He talks for the Lord, but he votes for the brewer."

"Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and stablisheth a city by iniquity."
Hab. 2: 12. —*Selected by Samuel M. Engle.*

his spirit and an irresistible desire to be true to God and the people in not shunning to give all the council of God, even tho it will not make him *popular*, and some may tell him that they do not like such sharp and pointed statements, but as he knows and feels the divine current of spiritual fellowship with those of his congregation who not only enjoy the preaching of the *cross* but were helping to give it by their warm prayers—he stands forth as one shod with the preparation of the gospel.

Then there is the need of getting together with those who are out and out for God, to pray for a mighty tide of spiritual awakening to come upon the entire local church, until every member shall not only be *alive* but be a living *force adding* to the general improvement of the body of *Christ*. Now, will we *speak often* one with another about the price of shares, the price of farm products, about some good deal we have transacted, some splendid investment we have made, telling what keen business qualifications we have? Is this the burden we have these last and evil days when coldness and indifference with all its chilliness has frost bitten many of the tender plants in the garden of God? —In your life you once knew the tender touch of the Holy Ghost as you gladly and lovingly said yes to all His blessed will: now how changed, you care very little to speak about living close to God. You do not like to hear them speak about the "Coming of Christ"—When He comes with clouds. This may account for your disinterestedness in the needful teaching of *holiness*—"Be ye holy for I am holy!"

Again in speaking often one with another, let us remember the subject of *Missions*. Do our ministers speak too often to their congregation about this one great truth without which we would still have been in heathendom ourselves?

If we really appreciate our gospel privileges, let us carry the real responsibility to every member of the congregation until one and all shall feel that they are equally responsible. Some would like to chime in, "We have done what we could." No! No! Beloved we are far from that point. Who has done what he could? There are indeed very few who can truthfully say that much! But why so much material blessings? *Why* so many *Auto Cars*? Why such great and unreasonable preparations for our future material needs, and comparatively, so little to send the blessed gospel to the lost of earth?

"Now they that spake often one to another," O what a blessed union of fellowship! Beloved! Do we wish to speak often one to another about these wholesome topics, so very needful in this materialistic age. I would like very much to have the privilege of speaking to you of this one great need of the Church, its mission. But as I do not have the time, nor will space allow it in this letter.

I will just add in conclusion that, the *dignity* of our work for Christ *depends* upon our keeping it *free* from the reproach of *begging*. The beggar is a disgrace! The life of our *Missions* is the very life of the church!

Or will you change this and say. Is the life of *our church* the life of its *Missions*? *Missions* can only be what God wants them to be, when the life of the Church is poured into them. Do you, my dear reader, help to pour forth the life of the *Church* into its *Missions*? Do you pray for the *Missions* until you get blessed in your own heart? Do you believe more in *Missions* this year than you did last? In what way do you determine this question? How does your *Mission* account effect your prayer?

Isaac O. Lehman.

THE SECRET OF PAUL'S SUCCESSFUL LIFE. ACTS 26: 19.

It is always interesting to notice the events that cluster around the turning points in the lives of great men. For herein are some of the sources of their greatness. The forces that work in great lives are not always measured by their outward activities but often by some secret power working within. The marvelous change in the life of Paul accounts for his great activities for Christ. This change was sudden, startling—it came like a shock—it was the deciding moment in his life. A flash of light struck him down. His conscience was smitten. The climax has come. He is in the presence of Jesus of Nazareth; he sees Him as risen from the dead. He proclaims Him as Lord. His great strength, zeal and mind, his intense nature was completely changed in a moment of time. Once he persecuted the Christians; now he preaches the faith he once destroyed. As Moses was the great leader in the Old Testament so now Paul becomes the great leader in the New Testament. For nineteen centuries his inspired statements have influenced the creeds of the churches. He is the master builder of the kingdom of God upon the earth. He is the greatest of pioneer missionaries. His message not only transforms the Hebrew Religion but Imperial Rome falls before its power. Well then may we stop to consider the inner workings of the life of this great man. What was his secret?

PAUL HAD A VISION.

And this is just what many people lack. Old men dream dreams—live on their past history—all such are like the Chinese nation has been in the past—making no progress. Young men see visions; the young and untried life sees

before it a great future. He sees his home with it's attendant blessings—his success in business. His vision stimulates his life. All successful men have been men of vision. Washington, Lincoln both had a vision else they never would have done for their country what they did. The character of the vision, or the object of the vision determines the character of the work to be done.

Paul had a vision of Jesus Christ; this changed his purpose and his manner of life. For the name Jesus Christ is synonymus with human need. To know Christ means to serve men. God pity the man who comes face to face with Jesus Christ and then turns his back to a single human need. For Paul the vision meant, to be separated, and set apart, to bear the name of Christ to the Gentiles, kings of the earth and to Israel.

Remember this vision did not give Paul the capacity to be a great man, however it increased that capacity. Grace did not make Paul a "Hebrew of the Hebrews." It did not make him a Greek or Hebrew scholar. Grace did not make him a leader of men. Indeed Conversion does not make a new creation of our Physical powers but it does awaken our latent powers—it does awaken new possibilities. The indolent and illiterate man when converted is not given the powers equal to the President of the United States. But it does awaken new powers, it does make him a new man. It does give him a new capacity for work for play for service. For Paul it meant the concentration of all of his powers on the work of Christ.

PAUL OBEYED HIS VISION.

"Whereupon, O king Agrippa I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." The western world is much indebted to this one man for his obedience to the heavenly vision else to day we might not have the gospel. Paul ever

kept his God-given purpose before his mind; namely the preaching to the Gentiles. Herein is the secret of his success in life, doing just one thing; that which God had planned for him.

Can we think that the God who planned the universe, who created the heavens and the earth according to His purpose: would create man, with a definite plan and purpose for his life? Indeed we believe that God has a place for each of us to fill and a work for each of us to do. The failures and the wrecks of human life come largely because man is in the wrong place. For the son to be a farmer simply because the father was one is all wrong. For the daughter to be a farmer's wife simply because mother was, is all wrong. For the son to be a merchant simply because the father was a merchant is all wrong. For the daughter to be a seamstress, simply because mother followed dressmaking is all wrong. God called Paul from the every day duties of life, to give his time and talent in the spreading of the gospel. God may just as truly call you to serve your day and generation by asking you to be a farmer, a merchant, a farmer's wife or a dressmaker. Our first duty is to find God's place for us. Then and then only will life bring any adequate returns. If our place is, like that of Paul, to preach the gospel, or to be a farmer, a merchant, or to follow any other calling; having found God's place for us, let us bend every energy to fill that place. Then you will be happy and the world will be better by having you living in it.

THE MEANING OF OBEDIENCE TO THE VISION.

For Paul it meant untold sufferings, "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day

have I been upon the deep." Often have I been hungry, often thirsty, often cold. Was this all of Paul's reward? no not by far. These are but the things that he met in carrying out the plan and purpose of God for his life. The suffering and deprivation sank into utter insignificance, as he worked out the infinite plan of God, in his life, in the redemption of the world.

Obedience to the vision of God, for us, means satisfaction to ourselves. For perfect joy, perfect peace means much to us. The consciousness within, that we are in God's place for us is worth more than the fleeting pleasures of the world—the honors that men can bestow—it is worth more than the prestige that money can give. "For a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth." True riches consists in giving ourselves, our first service to God and our best service to men. "Whereupon, O king * * I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Are we obeying our heavenly vision?

Levi P. Cassel.

Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

THE BACKSLIDER.

"But Peter stood at the door without." (John 18: 16).

This Scripture presents to our minds the scene of the impetuous Peter standing outside of a door that led into a room where were assembled the High Priest, and the band and the captain and officers of the Jews, and Jesus their prisoner. The envious Jews have the man in their power that denounced them in such scathing terms during His public ministry, and, with murder in their hearts, they mean to satisfy their revengeful desires on Him.

Peter was in a quandary as to the meaning of all that was happening. It

was true that about three and one-half years previous to that time he had been out on the Sea of Galilee with his brother Andrew fishing. Jesus called him and he had forsaken the nets and followed Him. He well remembered that that was the turning point in his life. And, when Jesus ordained him with the other eleven and sent them out to preach with power, to heal sicknesses and cast out devils, the activities of Peter's life were so changed that he simply must believe that he had become a changed man. He could recall too the wonderful words and works of Jesus. But—might not the people have spoken the truth when they said He hath a devil? Perhaps it was the devil that had been doing all these wonderful things and now He is about to reap the reward of His deeds. O the sophistry of Satan! How deceitful he is!

We might justly think that Peter was not showing the gratitude for his Master that he should have shown. Jesus was in the midst of His enemies enduring insults. Peter, who had been an intimate companion of His and had emphatically declared that he would never forsake him, was standing there outside the door reasoning with the devil.

How many, there are that hold the same attitude towards Jesus as Peter did! They perhaps have been called from sin; have experienced the Lord gracious unto them in answering prayers and bestowing temporal and spiritual blessings upon them; and then, like Peter, start first to follow afar off by showing a lack of interest in prayer or Bible reading; a feeling to stay away from church and prayer meeting; an irritable uneasiness in the midst of spiritual conversation, with that easily offended spirit that does not bear all things. Then comes the standing without by desiring the company of the worldly-minded, growing colder and colder in God's

service, reasoning with the devil continually and trying to live a double life—half in the world and half in the kingdom of God. If such would only turn to Jesus with full purpose of heart the devil would soon take his departure. But, if there is no turning, the results will be the same as with Peter. We find that he was put to the test three times to show whether he was for Jesus or against Him and three times he declared that he did not know Him.

So it is with the Back-slider. He shows time and again by his actions that he has neither part nor lot with the Master. Believing that there is a God and a false pretension to be interested in Spiritual things just pleases Satan: for he knows that he can do more harm thru such a person than thru the down and out reprobate.

Oh! that the far-off followers, and the without-standers, and the often-deniers would take admonition and do as Peter did! Go out and weep bitterly. Stay with God in intercessory prayer until a Pentecostal power of God's Spirit is poured out even as on Peter. And then, like Peter, such may be mighty in God for pulling down the strongholds of Satan, and pointing sinners to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

A. M. Carmichael.

Kindersley, Sask., Can., Oct. 11, 1914.

ARMAGEDDON.

To those whose mind dwells on eternal things and who are looking forward to the time when Christ shall appear again, the thought has undoubtedly been is this great war waging in Europe but the beginning of the end, when the nations of this world, actuated by the evil one, shall be gathered together against the saints of God? Wars are one of

the existing evils which will continue to be until the time when Jesus shall come and inaugurate His reign of peace.

The meaning of Armageddon is "the hill or city of Megiddo." The scene of the struggle of good and evil is suggested by that battlefield, the plain of Esdraelon, which was famous for two great victories, of Barak over the Canaanites, and Gideon over the Midianites, and for two great disasters the defeat and death of Saul, and of Josiah.

How glad the children of God ought to be, when they have His assurance that they will be victorious over every foe, as long as they trust God and are faithful to Him. If Saul had been a true servant of God he would have won his last battle, so we, if faithful to our God will win every battle and come out more than conquerors thru Him who loved us.

It is indeed sad to see so many professed children of God who claim to know Jesus Christ, who are not only in favor of war, but will even take up the sword and slay their fellowmen, believing it is justified and that they are doing it for God and their country. The Savior said, "Put up thy sword in the sheath, for they that take the sword shall perish with the sword," and John the Baptist told the soldiers "to do violence to no man," how then can they after such Scriptural evidence, go and violate their conscience and doom themselves to everlasting punishment, when to sift the thing to the bottom, it is just the devil who has led them to it.

"From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence even of your lusts which war in your members?" So we see that James, led by the Spirit, could define where war came from. If we as God's children would like to see (as I believe we all do) the end of this war, and peace once more prevail, let us pray to God to bring

it about, and if we ask according to His will it will be done.

But, altho God may make peace for the present, we must believe, on the authority of God's word that things will get worse and worse, until finally they the nations shall be brought to the place called Armageddon, which the Apostle John saw in his glorious Revelation on the Isle of Patmos. If we wish to be one of the conquering saints at that day let us put on the whole armor of God and fight manfully the battles before us, and then we shall stand side by side with our Captain who will lead us to victory at the last great battle which will close this dispensation.

Norman E. Church.

Sask., Canada..

The watching ones are the praying ones. Reader, are you among the watching ones? Have you on the white robe? Is your lamp trimmed and burning? Is your vessel filled with oil—the Holy Ghost? Would the sounding of the trumpet be a joyful sound in your ears? "Behold he cometh with clouds and every eye shall see him."

EVANGELIZE.

Give us a watchword for the hour,
A thrilling word a word of power,
A battle cry a flaming breath,
That calls to conquest or to death.

A word to rouse the Church from rest,
To heed her Master's high behest:
The call is given, Ye hosts arise,
Our watchward is, EVANGELIZE.

The glad EVANGEL now proclaim,
Thru all the earth in Jesus' name.
This word is ringing thru the skies,
EVANGELIZE, EVANGELIZE.

To dying men, a fallen race,
Make known the gift of Gospel grace:
The world that now in darkness lies,
EVANGELIZE, EVANGELIZE.

—Sel. by Mrs. Sara Gracie.

LOOKING THIS WAY.

Over the river faces I see,
Fair as the morning, looking for me;
Free from their sorrow, grief and despair,
Waiting and watching patiently there.

Chorus.

Looking this way, yes, looking this way,
Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;
Fair as the morning, bright as the day,
Dear ones in glory looking this way.

Father and mother, safe in the vale,
Watch for the boat-man, wait for the sail,
Bearing the loved ones over the tide,
Into the harbor near to their side.

Brother and sister, gone to that clime,
Wait for the others coming some-time;
Safe with the angels, whiter than snow,
Watching for dear ones waiting below.

Sweet little darling, light of the home,
Looking for some-one, beckoning come!
Bright as a sun-beam, pure as the dew,
Anxiously looking, mother, for you.

Jesus the Savior, bright Morning Star,
Looking for lost-ones, straying afar;
Hear the glad message, why will you roam?
Jesus is calling: "Sinner, Come home!"

Printed by request.

DEATH TRANSFIGURED

The summons comes—a silent room,
Friends waiting helpless in the gloom,
A few last words of loving care,
A clasp of hands, a broken prayer.

The ebb of life, the final breath,
A fading eye—the frost of death;
A spirit gone beyond recall,
A rigid form beneath a pall.

A burden borne with measured tread
Into the city of the dead;
And in the home a vacant chair,
And haunting echoes in the air.

Deep calls to deep—no voice replies,
No message comes from upper skies,
No vision brings the vanished friend,
No rushing hosts from heaven descend.

O son of God, thy love alone
Illumes the way from cross to throne,
The spirit conquers by the might,
And lives transfigured in thy light.

A LETTER OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

A few lines to the weary, tired mothers who are not able to go out to services as many others do, and also to those who were once more able to go than now since age has crept on, and your steps have gotten shorter. O it is so blessed to know that the dear Lord meets with us in our homes as well with those who go to the house of God, and that to comfort and bless each waiting heart. Many, many times do my thoughts go out and far around to the dear ones with whom we met, sang, and had prayer together ere we separated among them one dear old friend and sister who is unable to walk but sits on an invalid chair and wheels herself around to help along with the work in her kitchen during the summer. One of our widows with whom I kept in touch with the silent pen for many years and whom I visited at times has been called to her resting place for her reward. She used to tell me I never miss praying for our children and yours as well. The last visit I made she wished me to call on the sick and aged. Yes, I saw she had others on her mind more than her ownself. O for more of a feeling to visit the sick, and by God's grace, comfort and console them, for the time is fast coming when we will not be able to go out and try to encourage the shut-in souls, but we will often call upon God to send in to us those who will be a comfort to us. This day has been sort of a lonely day to me, as one more of our afflicted sisters was carried out and taken to her resting place to await our Lord's coming, when the sea and graves shall give up the dead. But while the family and friends miss the mother, our loss is her gain.

When we came to the Philadelphia Mission by request of Bro. Martin after the love feast at Gratersford for Sunday evening services our hearts were made glad, amidst tears, to see quite a few Italians penitent and seeking the Lord while a few were rejoicing in the Lord. O how we did wish our dear brethren in the country could see and hear what Bro. Myers as well as we were reminded of, our missionaries in the dark land, what sacrifices they do make to learn the language in order to give out the light to those who are sitting in darkness, and now how we see the need of some one right in our home land, even in this City, to learn the Italian lan-

guage. A few of their brethren would interpret so we could understand. We do need to be much in prayer for the work in Philadelphia. Soon the chilly blasts of cold winter will be on us and there are many cries for help. We could not feel right to leave the Mission without letting some of our own clothes and we count on sending more.

I had quite a trial to see my companion go back south without me going with him, but as the expenses of traveling come high for such a distance, and as Bro. Long counts on coming back in a few months if all goes right, I just asked the dear Lord for grace to submit, and so, soon after he was gone I was called on to help care for our sister Keepert. The time was well spent, and often during the sister's suffering I was so glad to be able to assist, and my daily prayer is that I may be a blessing to some, and be in God's order. I am encouraged. And now as the revival meetings are going on let us be much in prayer that sinners be brought to Christ, and believers encouraged.

Mary J. Long.

A BROTHER'S LETTER.

Dear Readers of the VISITOR:—

I come to you in the name of Jesus, thanking Him for all the blessings He bestows upon us daily. A hymn says, "Count your blessings, Name them one by one." If we were to count or name the blessings as they are so freely bestowed upon us, by our heavenly Father, we would be surprised to know in what various ways they do come. Some come thru disappointment, some thru our locations in life; some by charitableness, and some by ways that we would least think of. So it encourages me that if the clouds are dark and heavy by times, there will, in God's appointed time, some of His truths be revealed unto us that we can realize His care over us which creates more confidence in us to believe His word that it is truth.

Then measuring ourselves by His word and comparing His words with this our present time, it does cause us to realize and believe that the prophecies are being fulfilled as foretold by our Lord and Savior as recorded in Matt. 24: 6, 7, 8; Mark 13: 7, 8, and Luke 21: 9, 10, 11. In this prophecy He tells us in these words, that all these

things must come to pass: and also tells us, that all these are the beginnings of sorrow. We don't like, or enjoy, those seasons of grief, but if we for a moment think of the many orphans and widows, and others that are destitute and panic-stricken, as is caused by the present conflict in Europe, we must believe that many a prayer is offered for those who have been parted from home comforts and family circles, as being mobilized, they had to go to fight. Many of these soldiers will never see their families again as also many wives and children will never see husband or father again, he having been killed and buried. These incidents, with many others, such as homes with their crosses being destroyed, would seem to my mind if nothing else would be, this would be the beginning of sorrow.

Now then as we have the privilege to read and know of the sorrows in Europe, and compare these times which were foretold by our Savior, we should be awakened and Rise and Shine, and be on the Altar for Service throwing out the Life Line to some poor sinking brother.

D. M. Nissley.

Roaring Springs, Pa.

P. S. A series of meetings is announced to begin at the Martinsburg M. H. on Nov. 1, to be conducted by Eld. N. Z. Hess.

D. M. N.

THE MAN CHRIST JESUS.

"For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, THE MAN CHRIST JESUS."

This little text may be called "The Gospel in a nutshell." It portrays to us the great God, our Creator, as One to whom sinful men scarcely would dare to approach. At first when man was created he was one with Him. He was like God in purity and holiness of character. There was unity which blended into a blessed fellowship. But sin, that which has made man ugly, mean, low, detestable, so spoiled God's workmanship, that the creature, when spoken of as men, we think of them as some sin-

full sort of beings. And in place of getting any nearer to God have been getting farther and farther away all the time. His tendency is downward, because his sensual nature is ever dragging him that way. His condition is anything but loveable, yet we are told that "God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life." Is there anything more touching, than this great MOTHER-LOVE that is here manifested in these words?

This God's gift, "HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON," "The MAN Christ Jesus" we wish to consider for a little while. When was He begotten? This is a part of the unrevealed mystery, but we must believe it was somewhere in eternity before ever the world came into existence. That He was before the world existed we have the assurance in His Prayer: "O, Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee *before the world was.*" "Thou lovedst me *before the foundation of the World.*" (Jno. 17: 5, 24). He was then Son of God and remains such forever. Over 1900 years ago He was born into this world, born of a woman and has from thence the title *Son of Man*. He was man, as we are men, with the same body in all its humanity. He had flesh, bones, blood, mind, heart, and in every respect was made like unto sinful men, but "WITHOUT SIN." Was His flesh the same as mine? Yes, it was exactly constituted the same as my flesh. He had the same senses and desires which my flesh possesses. Therefore He was subject to the same temptations to which I am subject. These senses and appetites are not sinful, but by the abuses and excesses indulged in, they become a snare to evil. In me there is an inherent nature which governs these if allowed full sway, that

was not in Him. Therefore the Apostle's conclusion, "In me, that is in my the Holy Indweller takes up His abode in this body, then this body is holy too because it has become His temple. It was possible for His bones to be broken as well as mine, but He was in special care, because He abode in God's will, which care I may also enjoy if I abide in His will. "He keepeth all his bones, not one of them is broken." "When they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs." What about His blood? It was human blood. The blood that coursed thru His arteries and veins was identically the same as mine, and yet there was a difference. King George V of England is a man like I, has blood the same as mine, and yet there is a difference, he is of royal blood. So with the blood of the Son of Man, who was also Son of God. This is why God counts His blood precious above anything, and everything this world may call valuable. In Him, we are assured, there was no such thing as sin, or carnality, therefore He could atone for the sin of man by becoming his substitute. He can truly stand as a Mediator between God and man. To belittle the BLOOD of the Son of God, is to blaspheme His holy office. On the other hand let us rejoice that His blood has availed for us and that we shall join in the final triumphant song around His throne, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his *own blood*."

D. W. Zook.

MY PRAYER.

I do not ask, O Lord that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;

I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright,
Thou strength should falter, and the heart
should bleed,
Through peace to light.

—Sel. by Sr. Miriam K. Benner.

MAJESTY DIVINE.

Full of glory, full of wonders,
Majesty Divine!
'Mid Thine everlasting thunders,
How Thy lightings shine!
Shoreless Ocean! who shall sound Thee?
Thine own eternity is round Thee,
Majesty Divine!

Timeless, spaceless, single, lonely,
Yet sublimely Three,
Thou art grandly, always, only
God in unity!
Lone in grandeur, lone in glory,
Who shall tell Thy wondrous story,
Awful Trinity?

Speechlessly, without beginning,
Sun that never rose!
Vast, adorable and winning,
Day that hath no close!
Bliss from Thine own glory tasting,
Ever living, everlasting,
Life that never grows!

Thine own Self for ever filling
With self-kindled flame,
In Thyself Thou art distilling
Unctions without name!
Without worshiping of creatures,
Without veiling of Thy features,
God always the same!

'Mid Thine uncreated morning,
Like a trembling star,
I behold creation's dawning
Glimmering from afar;
Nothing giving, nothing breaking,
Waiting at Time's bar!

I with life and love diurnal
See myself in Thee,
All embalmed in love eternal,
Floating in Thy sea,
'Mid Thine uncreated whiteness
I behold Thy glory's brightness,
Feed itself on me.

Splendors upon splendors beaming
Change and intertwine;
Glories over glories streaming
All translucent shine!
Blessings, praises, adorations
Greet Thee from the trembling nations,
Majesty Divine!

—Faber.

News of Church Activity

IN THE HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

Addresses of Missionaries.

H. P. Steigerwald, Grace Steigerwald, Walter O. and Abbie B. Winger, Mary Heisey Matono Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.

Lewis Steckley, Elizabeth Engle, Sallie Doner, Macha Mission, Choma, N. W. Rhodesia, S. Africa.

H. J. and Emma Frey, Hannah Baker, Cora Alvis, A. C. Winger, Sadie Book, Mtshabezi Mission, Gwanda, Rhodesia, South Africa.

Isaac O. and A. Alice Lehman, box 5263, Johannesburg, South Africa.

India.

Eld. and Sr. H. L. Smith, and Effie Rohrer, Bangaon Bariahi P. O., North Bhagalpur, B. & N. W. Railway, India.

Following not under Foreign Mission Board.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Zook, Adra, B. N. R., India.

Elmina Hoffman, Kedgaon, Poona, District, Ramabai Home, India.

Mrs. Fannie Fuller, Gowalia, Tank Road, Bombay, India.

Central America.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Cassel, San Marcos, Guatemala, Central America.

Furlough—Myron and Adda Taylor, Jesse R. and Malinda Eyster, and Frances Davidson.

OUR CITY MISSIONS.

Buffalo Mission, 25 Hawley St., in charge of Eld. T. S. Doner and wife.

Chicago Mission, 6039 Halstead St., in charge of Sr. Sarah Bert, Bro B. L. Brubaker and Sr. Nancy Shirk.

Des Moines, Iowa, Mission, 1171 14th., St., in charge of Eld. J. R. and Anna Zook.

Jabbok Orphanage, Thomas, Okla., in charge of E. N. and Adella Engle, R. 3. box 1.

San Francisco Mission, 52 Cumberland St., in charge of Sr. Lizzie Winger and workers.

Dayton Mission, 601 Taylor St., in charge of W. H. and Susie Boyer.

DAYTON MISSION.

We come greeting you with Isa. 40: 31: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

We can report the work to be moving on as usual; quite a number are sick at present, who need comfort and encouragement. So many men are out of work, so that there are many poor families, who need help and looking after: and above all there are so many poor souls who need salvation. O there is so much to do on every hand!

It truly is wonderful how the dear Lord has again so bountifully supplied our needs in every way by our kind and loving brethren and sisters and dear friends, and not only us, but also the poor and needy. We do wish to thank you as best we can for all you are so kindly doing for us. May our dear heavenly Father bless and reward you in our prayer. Continue to pray for us in the interest of precious souls.

FINANCIAL.

Report for Oct. 1914.

Balance on hand, \$60.42.

Receipts.

Henry Myers, Dayton, O., \$1.00; Cross Roads S. S., Mt. Joy, Pa., \$18.26, Lidda Reighard, Troy, O., \$1.00; Sr. Custer, Springfield, O., \$.50; Ella Whitehead, West Milton, O., \$1.00; A sister, \$1.00; Valley Chapel, S. S., Canton, O., \$10.05; Mission offering, \$4.65; Total, \$97.83.

Expenditures.

Table account, \$6.94; car fare, \$1.00; water rent, \$.60; gas and stove rent, \$2.43; phone bill, \$.35; pillow slip and curtain goods, \$1.38; fruit cans, \$.59; incidentals, \$1.75; Total, \$15.04.

Balance on hand, Nov. 1, 1914, \$82.79.

POOR FUND.

Balance on hand, \$.21.

Receipts.

A brother, \$1.25, Total, \$1.46.

Expended.

\$1.43.

Balance, Nov. 1914, \$.03.

Provisions consisting of fruit, soup, graham flour, tomatoes, eggs, pies, cakes, beans, cheese, quinces, carrots, dried apples, dried corn,

apple butter, fresh fish, butter, sweet potatoes, pumpkin sauce, were donated by the following: Charlotte Myers, Mary Taylor, Eliza Engle, Edward Engle, Frank Etter, Emma Gray, Samuel Cassel, Harriette Kohler, Mr. Glasser, father and mother Herr, Ella Etter, Emma Cassel.

Extra.

Jacob Whiteheads, West Milton, O., 40 lbs. home-made soap, 1 gal. vinegar, one half bu. potatoes, 1 pk. sweet potatoes, 1 squash, a loaf of bread, sack of corn meal, grand father and grand mother Dohner, 2 lbs butter, 1 bu. potatoes, 5 qts. of canned fruit, one half gal. grape butter, tomatoes, M. L. Dohners, 2 doz. mangoes, 1 pk. tomatoes, 3 pumokins, 5 squashes, 1½ doz eggs, 3 heads cabbage, 6 qts. dried corn, 1 bu. pears, 1 bu. potatoes, 1 bu. sweet potatoes, father Whisler, 1 barrel apples, Albert Heisey, 1 bu. pears, 1 bu. potatoes, the Morrison Cove Sewing Circle, Martinsburg, Pa., 3 comforts, 3 quilts, 1 pair blankets, clothing for the poor, new goods for clothing and 45 lbs. dried apples, Myron Taylor, 2 bbls apples, Intha Moist, a nice lot of winter clothing for the poor.

We are your Bro. and Sr. in the interest of souls,

W. H. and Susie Boyer.

Box Taylor St. Dayton, O.

SAN FRANCISCO MISSION.

"O magnify the Lord with me and let us exalt his name together."

We truly are grateful to our heavenly father for His continued blessings upon us at this place.

It has been our privilege to give the gospel to large crowds on the street, during the month and we are sure the Holy Spirit has spoken to many of those who listened, and while there was a little visible result of our sowing, we have enjoyed telling the gospel story and are yet expecting to see some of the increase of the seed sown.

Our crowds are made up of many descriptions of sinners—many fresh, fine looking young men—some mothers' beautiful boys just entering the fast life: others who have gone the rounds of sin on whose faces the marks of dissipation are plainly seen; some poor, old, forsaken drunkards are usually near and it is not unusual to have some straying daughters among the crowd of listeners.

For some time several of our Christian boys have been going to the county hospital and alms house on Sunday forenoon to dis-

tribute literature and do personal work among the inmates. The papers, tracts and gospel have been much appreciated and they have found some inquiring souls.

At this writing we have with us Elder C. C. Burkholder from Upland. He arrived last Saturday, Oct. 24, and in the afternoon of the same day we met in the home of J. B. Winger for a communion service where we had a very blessed time together. We were reminded again very clearly of the price of our salvation and that, perhaps soon, we may see Him who loved us so much and be forever with Him.

Our brother will remain with us yet a few days. We appreciate having him with us very much. His messages on the Second Coming of Christ, and Christian living have been thoroughly enjoyed by the Lord's little ones at this place.

FINANCIAL.

Report for October, 1914.

Receipts.

Rosebank, S. S., Hope, Kans., \$14.85; Ada Stauffer, Lititz, Pa., \$1.00; Perry Station, Ont., S. S., \$10.25; Hamlin, Kans., S. S., \$8.45; Phoebe Wenger, Abilene, Kans., \$5.00; Hall Offerings, \$10.34; Total, \$49.89.

Expenditures.

Car fare, \$8.00; table supplies, \$19.64; household, gas, etc., \$4.33; hall expenses, electric light, etc., \$5.20; Hall rent, \$50.00; House rent, \$8.00; Total, \$95.17.

Yours, seeking the lost,

The Workers.

CHICAGO MISSION.

Report for month ending Oct. 15, 1914.

Balance on hand, \$33.82.

Receipts.

B. S. Herr, Cambridge City, Ind., \$5.00; Mary Elebarger, Anderson, Ind., \$2.00; Bro. and Sr. Rellinger, New Paris, Ind., \$2.00; Harold Shirk and friend, Topeka, Kan., \$2.00; In His Name, \$8.00; Y. P. M., \$6.80; Total, \$59.62.

Expenditures.

Groceries, etc., \$24.50, gas for lighting and cooking, \$6.80; expressing, \$2.00; sprinkling, \$1.50; Total, \$34.80.

REPAIRING FUND.

Grandma Hutchins, \$2.00; In His Name, \$10.00; W. H. Kreider, Shannon, \$2.00; Sr. Shirk, \$10.00; Y. People, \$45.00; Total, \$69.00.

Repairing of porches, fences and painting, \$65.50.

Provisions, Sr. Snell, 2 bbl. apples, Cora Albright, beans, J. Garwick, box vegetables, Mrs. Gaery, box walnuts, Brethren and Sisters of Shannon, Ill., 2 bbl. canned fruit and potatoes.

We wish to thank all the saints who have helped in the work of the Lord at this place, and we ask the blessing of the Father to be with each one of them. The Lord is blessing and leading onward. May we be held up before the throne of grace so as to go forward faithfully in His work.

Sarah Bert and Workers.

6039 Halsted St., Englewood, Ill.

Phone Wentworth 7122.

BUFFALO MISSION.

"So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall not return unto me void but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing where-to I sent it" (Isa. 55: 11).

I praise God that during these dark days when we do not see the people in general seeking after God He gives us so many precious promises to encourage us on to faithfulness in His service.

We were very sorry to have Bro. Doners leave us, so are without a minister at the present but are looking to the Lord to open the way for some one else to come. We thank God for our dear brethren here who are so faithfully standing by the work while we are alone. I praise God for what He is doing for us and for giving us the victory again and again. We wish to thank the dear ones who have so nobly stood by the work with their means. May the Lord reward you richly for the same. Continue to pray for us.

FINANCIAL.

Report for month of October 1914.

Balance on hand, \$5.00.

Receipts.

Bro. Benj. Winger, Kohler, \$1.00; Bro. Jesse Winger, \$1.00; Markham S. S., \$11.80; Bro. E. Carlyon, \$2.00; Bro. Jonas Winger, \$1.00; S. Elliott Bitner, \$2.00; Sr. Stauffer, Pa., \$1.00; Hespler S. S. offering, \$3.17; Sr. Elsie Steckley, \$1.00; Total, \$28.97.

Expenditures.

Light, \$1.33; gas, \$.64, water bill, \$2.75 groceries, car fare and sundries, \$15.76, Total, \$20.48

Balance on hand, \$8.49.

Provisions donated by the following: Mrs. Vernon Hoover, Sr. Eliza Herr, Sr. Clara Longenecker, Melvin Sider, Sr. Ehlers, Robert Petke, Bro. D. V. Heise, Dan. Climenhaga, Sarah Cline, Benj. Winger, Crayton Bitner, Andrew Sider, Jesse Winger, Nancy Rhodes, Richard Ott, consisted of fruit, honey, baked goods, meat, butter, vegetables, eggs, chicken, cheese and cream.

Idellus Sider.

SOUDERTON, PA.

Our fall love feast at the Souderton M. H. on Oct. 24-25, is in the past. On Saturday forenoon a council was held, Bish. H. B. Hoffer of Rapho presiding, as our Bish. J. B. Detwiler is weak and unable to attend to his official duties on account of bodily weakness. In the afternoon the services were spiritual and inspiring. Quite a number of visiting brethren and sisters were present from Lancaster and Franklin counties and Philadelphia, and also from the home districts. The attendance was good. The visiting ministers present were Bish. H. B. Hoffer and Elders J. N. Martin and Eli M. Engle of Lancaster Co., and S. G. Engle of Philadelphia, who, with our home brethren, preached the word with power. We were glad to have our aged deacon, Bro. John L. Snoke of Franklin county with us. Let us not get weary in well doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

Henry F. Rosenberger.

Some converted Africans finding no privacy for prayer in their small, crowded huts betook themselves to secluded places in the forest near by. In the course of time paths became worn from each man's hut to his prayer place. The spiritual condition could often be told by the condition of the path leading to any individual's "Prayer-closet." Occasionally one of these native Christians would become lukewarm and not travel his path as much as in other days, when his companions would remind him of his backsliding with the words, "Brother, the grass grows in your path."—*Sel.*

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

To Subscribers—1. Our terms are cash in advance.

2. When writing to have your address changed be sure to give both old and new address.

3. The date on the printed label will show to subscribers when their subscription expires.

4. If you do not receive the *Visitor* within ten days from date of issue, write us at once and we will send the number called for.

To the Poor—who are unable to pay—we send the paper free on the recommendation of others or upon their individual requests. Individual requests must be renewed every six months as a matter of good faith.

To Correspondents—1. Articles for publication should be written on one side of the paper only. Write all business letters on separate sheets.

2. Communications without the author's name will receive no recognition.

3. Communications for the *Visitor* should be sent to the Editor at least ten days before date of issue.

GRANTHAM, PA., NOVEMBER 16, 1914.

What We believe and Why We Believe It, per hundred, 20c.

An Interesting Conversation, per hundred, 15c.

Death Eternal, per hundred, 15c.

Retribution, per hundred, 15c.

Prayer, per hundred, 15c.

Scriptural Head Veiling, per hundred, \$1.25.

The worm that Never Dies, per hundred, 15c.

Points for Consideration, per hundred, 12c.

Scripture Text Envelopes, per hundred, 20c.

Scripture Text Mottoes, \$10.00 worth for \$6.00. Postage extra.

Orders for the above tracts, papers and envelopes should be addressed Geo. Detwiler, 1216 Walnut St., Harrisburg, Pa. Tracts are free to mission workers.

MARRIAGES.

ELLIOT—BAKER.—On Oct. 14, 1914, at the home of the bride's parents, Bro. and Sr. John Baker of Gormley, Ont., Mr. Elias Baker of Richmond Hill, Ont., and Miss Laura May Baker, were united in holy wedlock, Bish. Steckley officiating.

SWITZER—BOOK.—Married at the home of the bride's parents, Bro. David Book, near Thomas, Okla., on Oct. 8, 1914, Bro. David Switzer and Sr. Ruth Book Bish. D. R. Eyster officiating.

OBITUARY.

KEEPORTS.—Sr. Emma E. Keeports, wife of Bro. David B. Keeports, died Oct. 20, 1914, at her home, 332 N. 52nd St., Philadelphia, Pa., of heart failure, in her 64th. year. She had been a sufferer from a complication of diseases for a number of years, suffering much during the time. She bore her affliction with patience and resignation, the Lord sustaining her. The 23rd Psalm was often her comfort. She was a member of the River Brethren (Brethren in Christ) church for above forty years. She was the daughter of the late Benjamin and Barbara Groff Barr, and formerly was a resident of Lancaster Co., Pa., but resided in Philadelphia the last fifteen years. She is survived by her husband and children as follows: Hiro, John, Mrs. Sadie Croasdel, and Harvey of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Cora Landis of Rohrerstown, Lancaster Co., Pa. Funeral services were held at Pequea M. H. Lancaster Co., Pa., on Oct. 23, conducted by Elders N. Z. Hess and J. N. Martin. Text Psalm 23: 4. Interment in adjoining cemetery. The following sentiment is the tribute of one of the children:

TO MOTHER.

Over and over again she would cry,
Her hands would fall to her side;
Mother, with pain, and yet with joy,
To us will call over bye and bye.

What is like a mother's love,
The sweetest flower or the costly gift,
Or memories past which tears repay,
Her call is over a call away.

BITTINGER.—Elizabeth Bittinger, born Feb. 22, 1840, died Oct. 16, 1914, aged 74 years, 7 months and 24 days. Sr. Bittinger had been a widow for a number of years keeping house with her children until the marriage of her daughter Rachel, to Amos Hoover, when she made her home with them, and moved to Lurgan Township last spring. She was sick thirteen weeks, and was very patient in her affliction, waiting and looking for her

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

TESTIMONY.

Dear Readers of the VISITOR:—

"In my distress I cried unto the Lord and he heard me." (Psa. 120: 1).

I praise the dear Lord that He answered me when I cried in my distress. For years I have been a Christian, but I have never had the power or joy in my life that a Christian should have. Many a time I would come home after church and plead with God for something more; my soul was starved for more of God.

Glory to His precious name, about the second week in August, I was asked to attend a revival meeting at 3423 N. 2nd St. I came and heard about how the Lord sanctifies His people if we are willing to give up our all and I went to the altar, and I have had victory in my soul ever since. I can't help but praise Him.

Bro. Joseph Smith and Sr. Mazie Dohner were here then, and the Lord used them to show me the better way. I have lots of trials but I have Jesus with me, and He helps me thru.

The Lord is blessing the Mission here. There are quite a few young Italian men coming to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. For a couple of years the Mission people have been holding street meetings among the Italian people and a few weeks ago we began to see the fruit. A few of them are wonderfully saved and are real workers in the meetings. We need to pray earnestly for them because it is hard for some of them to see it because they have come out of the Roman Catholic church.

deliverance from this earthly place to dwell with her dear Lord for ever. Funeral was held on Sunday, Oct. 18, with a short service at the house by Eld. S. Z. Bert. Further services were held at Air Hill M. H. conducted by Eld. Wm. Asper, assisted by M. H. Oberholser. Text, Psalm 39: 45, and Rev. 14: 12. Interment in adjoining cemetery. Thus we are taken one by one.

COMMUNION MEETING.

Mowersville M. H., Nov. 21, in the evening.
A cordial invitation is extended.

So that shows we must not get discouraged if we don't see the results of our efforts right away because the Lord has promised His Word would not return unto Him void.

I believe there are quite a number who are saved but they need more teaching: some of them can't understand English, but those who understand some English tell them about what is preached and they seem real hungry for the light. I believe the Lord will do great things here yet. Two of the young men have lost their positions already for coming to the Mission and leaving the Catholic faith and that drives them more to the people at the Mission to hear more about the Christ. I would ask every one who believes in prayers to plead for them at the throne of grace.

I hope this will be a blessing and encouragement to every one who loves the Lord and is in His service. I ask an interest in all your prayers that I may be used in His service and be kept faithful no matter what it may cost me.

Your sister in the Lord,

Edythe Pearson.

3423 N. 2nd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

OBEDIENCE TO GOD.

Having been impressed several times to write for the VISITOR I will try by the guidance of the Holy Spirit to do what He wants me to do. That has been my principle ever since I set out to serve the Lord, but of late it has become more real to me. I realize that if we wholly give ourselves into the hands of God we receive a blessing and He can use us for His service, and my heart's desire is that I may do something for Him, if it is only something small that He gives me, just so His will is done thru me. The harvest is great but the laborers are few. O it is so needful that we heed the calling of God's Spirit as there are so many false doctrines in the world, but the sheep know the Shepherd's voice and He knows them that are His. O the blessed promises that are ours if we obey Him! Let us pray earnestly for those who know not God: and may we, as His children, keep humble at His feet, having our lamps filled with oil and trimmed

and burning looking for His coming. Pray for me that I may be found watching and engaged in the Master's service.

Yours in Christian love,

E. J. Lauver.

Mifflintown, Pa.

A SINGLE SOUL.

"Ruth, I have tickets for the concert of the Bell-Ringers on Wednesday night, can you go?" Alice said to a friend, as she stopped at her gate.

"It is prayer meeting night."

"I know; but they sail for Europe Friday night, and this is their last concert."

"But I never stay away from prayer meeting for anything."

"But this is a sacred concert—and only once. We can worship just as well there."

So, reluctantly, against her convictions, Ruth consented.

That night the girl dreamed that an angel in shining raiment stood beside her, and asked gently, "Where are you going to-morrow night?"

Then the angel said sadly, "Have you so little appreciation of the value of a single soul?"

Vividly the vision came back to Ruth the next morning, as she lay, saying softly to herself wondering what it could mean—"So little appreciation of the value of a single soul."

She decided that she must take back her promise to attend the concert, and go to the prayer meeting.

Ruth sat in the house of prayer with a strange joy in her soul, singing:

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found, grace to cover all my sin;

Let the healing streams abound, make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art, freely let me take of Thee;

Spring Thou up within my heart, rise to all eternity."

As the music ceased, the girl sprang impulsively to her feet.

"I meant to hear the Bell-Ringers tonight," she said, "but I decided that I would rather come to prayer meeting; and I am happier here than I should have been at the concert;

and I am sure no music could be sweeter to me than the hymn we have just sung."

As the hour for closing drew near, the pastor arose, and invited any who would give themselves to Christ to come forward.

As he waited, in silence, a lady in mourning walked slowly up the aisle, and kneeling, was shown the way of salvation.

When the service was ended, a friend came to Ruth, and said:

"The lady who went forward wishes to be introduced to you."

Much astonished, the girl went to receive the introduction to Mrs. Walters.

"I wanted to tell you," the lady said, "that I owe the fact of my being a Christian tonight to your testimony. I have not been inside of a church for ten years. I came here to please a friend, and when you said you would give up a concert for a prayer meeting, and that no music could be sweeter to you than the hymn,

'Jesus, lover of my soul,'

I thought to myself, 'There must be something in religion, and I am going to have it.' So, I wish to thank you that it is because of your testimony that I shall go home tonight a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Ruth held out her hand, and pressed gratefully that of her new friend.

She knew now the meaning of the angel's message.

She could not tell Mrs. Walters how nearly she had come to proving recreant to her trust, nor of the dream that had influenced her in the true direction, so she answered simply:

"I thank you for telling me this. I shall never forget it."

Yet she little guessed what cause she would always have to remember it.

Ruth's home was close beside the railroad track. About midnight she was awakened by a horrible crashing sound.

Looking from the window she could see where the midnight express and the 11:30 freight had collided.

The frantic cries of the frightened, and the piercing shrieks of the wounded made her shudder. But she bravely put away all thoughts of self, and calling her father, was soon ready to go with him to the rescue.

And the first face that looked into hers, as she stood beside the burning train, was that of Mrs. Walters.

Pale and peaceful it was, tho showing how intensely she suffered.

She was extricated and borne to Ruth's home.

The power of speech was almost gone.

She rallied a little as they laid her on Ruth's couch.

Taking her hand, and pressing it to her lips, she whispered feebly:

"Child, I'm going away—it was my last chance—what if you had not spoken—what if I had not taken it?"

And kneeling there beside the dead, the tears raining down her face, Ruth promised her Father always to do her duty; always to give her testimony; always to appreciate the value of A Single Soul.—*Mrs. A. C. Morrow.*

"The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise."—Prov. 11: 30.—*Sel. by S. M. Engle.*

"WONDERS MAY BE DONE BY THE NAME."

A Message to those seeking Deliverance from any Evil Habit.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. 1: 21).

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower. The righteous runneth into it and is safe" (Prov. 18: 10).

I learned a wonderful lesson, now many years ago, concerning "The Name," from an old heathen Mochuana. We were traveling in Bechuanaland; heavy rains, causing swollen rivers, stopped our progress, and we lay for days on the banks of an impassable stream, our only shelter from the inclement weather was the old-fashioned bullock wagon. Other travelers by wagons and carts came along; each stopped in turn by the swollen torrent until quite a little canvas camp lay along the water's edge.

There was no lack of discomforts of every kind to be endured on that marshy plain. Rain, rain, rain above, and mud, mud, mud below; and whenever the rain stopped, and the warmer air made itself felt, swarms of mosquitoes made the night hideous with their trampetings and their stings. Being limited for time in which to accomplish our journey, the trial of the delay in our onward progress increased the burden of the adverse circumstances in which we were placed, but there was a "needs be" for our being led to and

kept in that precise spot.

Worse than all other trials, than the enforced imprisonment in the narrow confines of that wagon, than the inability to cook or prepare a palatable meal, than the going for nights without rest on account of the onslaughts of the mosquitoes, was the fact that we were subjected to the horrible sights and sounds caused by the existence in our near neighborhood of one of those curses—which in those days invariably followed in the wake of British occupation of a new territory—the wayside canteen.

Close to the drift of the river, on the main road which all wagons going to and from Kimberly with wood or produce from the interior must travel, lay this horrible den, this trap for unwary passers-by; and there the natives of the surrounding districts by hundreds had lost their all. The wagons and cattle, goats and sheep, which it had taken some of the poor creatures their lifetime to collect, were gone in a few months into the grasp of the rapacious trader, who thus throve and amassed wealth by draining the very essentials of life from the poor besotted beings who yielded all up in exchange for the vile adulterated compounds with which he robbed them of their senses, and made them from their "first drunk" helpless victims, to be fleeced at his will, pliable dupes for his cupidity to fatten on.

He told me himself, in reply to my pleading with him to give up the iniquitous traffic: "I came here almost penniless, a few years ago, and now I have gained possession of all these acres. All the land you see to that far outlying beacon is mine, and all these flocks and herds, these buildings and gardens, and you coolly ask me to give up the trade that has brought me all this wealth. No! the interest of my wife and children are to be considered in the question." All remonstrance and pleading were vain. The proprietor of this money-making, death-dealing concern was not to be moved, and I had to witness, during those days of storm and rain, numbers of fellow men going backwards and forwards between those wagons and that door of ruin, old men, young men, here and there a white man, but mostly black men—the ignorant natives of the country, ragged, wretched, besotted.

Again and again my soul, in an agony too deep for articulate prayer, cried out to God,

as those staggering figures, with brutalized faces, screaming out as only drunken savages can scream, passed in and out of that canteen door; every now and then English oaths picked up in Kimberly, intermingled with their native language, making this horrible picture of what European civilization brings to the savage races still more horrible. One felt suffocated with the pain, the shame of it all, and oh, so powerless, so helpless to do anything to stay the curse, to save those wretched lives from the destruction going on before one's gaze hour after hour. My brain felt on fire, as it were, and I cried in an almost despairing agony to God, and then a calm came over me and a prayer, and with the prayer a call. I clambered out of the wagon and went toward the canteen.

Of all the figures there, I seemed to see only one, a poor aged man, with a few filthy rags only very partially covering his equally filthy body, loathsome with sores, his bloated face and bleared eyes, so repulsive-looking that one shrank instinctively from the sight.

He was just staggering towards the canteen to get another drink, when I went up to him and said, "Old man, I want to speak to you." He turned round stupidly and gave assent. "Come aside a little."

He followed me back to my wagon, and there in broken "taal," which I could speak and he understood a little of, I asked him why he was killing himself with this drink.

"Why?" he answered, "why, you know why—because I can't help it!"

I said, "But you can help it; you need not go on drinking."

"What!" said he, "do you think any man would be so foolish as to go on taking that stuff, that 'brandt' (literally, burning), if he could help it, if he could stop from it? No, no! You English know that well enough, therefore you bring this 'toer goed' (literally, magic potion, witch's stuff) to us. You know when we once taste it we can *never* be free again, *never, never!* It was so with me. For months after that canteen was opened I never went near it. I saw how it diseased my neighbors; how they went mad after they had been there; how they gave their cattle and their sheep to the white man there, just to get a bottle with that stuff in it; how they could not rest when that was done, but had to get more and more, till everything they had was given to the white man; and their

bodies were sick and full of sores, like mine is today, and their eyes got blind, and their hands could not carry the food to their mouths without spilling it; and yet one day I let a mate talk me over to taste the white man's magic.

"I thought I would only taste a little drop, just to see what it was like; that is five years ago, and—well you know how it is when you drink the white man's magic. You never leave off again. I drank and drank. I drank that time till I drank out all the money I had by me; then I went home and brought a goat to the canteen man, and sold it for the drink, and my wife cried when she saw that I had also come under the spell of the white man's stuff; but it was no use; I was miserable too, but I could not stop; and I drank more and more. I drank out all my goats and sheep and cows and my few oxen and wagon—the canteen man has them all—and now I'm sick and half blind, and with all these sores, and I only want to *drink, drink!*"

"But how do you get the drink if you have no more things to sell to the canteen keeper?"

He chuckled. "Oh, I get it. When all my money is gone the canteen keeper gives me drink till I owe him \$5.00. Then he won't give me any more, so then I get my brother-in-law to lend me his wagon, and, weak as I am, I gather wood in the veldt, bushes, and bits of wood, till I get a wagon load. Tho I am sick, the longing for the drink, when the canteen man won't give me any more, makes me strong to go on getting the wood together, till I get enough to go to Kimberly to sell it; and my brother-in-law sends some one with me (my wife is with me now) to take \$5 for him for his wagon, and I buy a little brandy in Kimberly, and then bring all the other money, sometimes \$15, to the canteen man here, and I drink every day till I drink all the money out. Then he lets me drink after that for another \$5; then I have to get more wood. So I live."

I said, "But you are killing yourself!"

"Yes," he answered, "I know that; I am almost dying now, I shake all the time, and I can't be without drink one day. When my money is gone, and the canteen-keeper won't give me any more, I cry so, that my friends must give me some; but today I can get plenty! I have just sold my wood in Kimberly. *I can drink! I must go now and*

drink!" And he wanted to move off.

I pleaded with him then—asked him if he would not try and give up the drink, for his poor wife, for his children, to save himself from dying. He laughed a strange despairing laugh. "You ask, don't I want to get well? Don't I want to give my poor wife and children some money to buy food with? Of course I do. What man would not like to be well of this disease? Why do you talk so? You know as well as I do that there is no help for me, that there is no doctor on this earth can cure a man of this witchcraft."

"There is, there is!" I said, as it rushed over me. "*They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.*" I told him of that Jesus, that loving One, who healed all the sick who came to Him. As I told him of one and another who had come to that Jesus and been made whole, those bleared eyes seemed strained with eagerness, and he broke in on me almost breathlessly in excitement, "It is true, is it true, missis? Are you telling me true? Where is this man? Tell me tell me! Is he in Kimberley? Oh, take me to this doctor, I will give Him all the money for the wood I gather, till he has ten loads or even more, more if He wants it, only take me to Him."

I told him this doctor asked for no money, wanted no pay, only for people to ask Him to make them well; but here came the difficulty to explain to him how he could ask the unseen Christ. He was quite a heathen; had never had anything to do even with Christianized natives, knew nothing about God but the name as he had heard it in curses in his canteen experience. I asked the Spirit to help me to explain to him the Heavenly Father's love, and the coming of Christ to live and die for us here, and the saving power of that Christ. But he wanted to see Him. I felt that the records of Christ's earthly ministry only deepened the sense that that personal contact was necessary; then praying for light, I was led to get the Bible, and turning to Acts 3, told him word for word the story of that man lame from his mother's womb to whom Peter and John brought the message, "*In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk;*" and of what came to pass; how that helpless man got that perfect soundness in the presence of all. I told him that same Jesus was with us now,

and would heal him if he asked for it. The blessed Spirit carried the message home; that darkened mind drank it in.

At last he said, "Tell me the name." I told him.

Then he said, "How must I ask Him?" I said, "Just here we can ask Him," and I knelt down on that wet grass by that wagon side; the old man knelt, too. I can never forget that moment; the sun broke thru the clouds, and shed its light upon that poor, ragged, besotted, old Kaffir, kneeling there, with his face buried in his hands, on the wet ground, seeking deliverance.

In a few broken words, for my heart was almost too full to speak, I asked that God would glorify His child Jesus and show His mighty healing power on this poor life, and then this poor old drunken heathen said himself, "*Great doctor, make me well.*"

He rose and asked me again, "What is the Name?"

"Jesus," I said.

"Jesus, Jesus," he went away, murmuring to himself.

I lost sight of him amongst the group of wagons, and that afternoon we moved away to a quieter and healthier spot some miles distant. After some days, we returned to that crossing to find the river had subsided sufficiently to permit wagons to pass over. As we approached one of the wagons, a woman came towards me.

"Missis," she said, "is it you that spoke to my husband last week? Oh, what did you do that he is healed from that drink?"

"Why?" I said, "did he not tell you?"

"No, he said he did not know if he might speak of it, but, O Missis, *he is cured, my husband is cured!*" He has never been to that canteen again, tho he has money in his handkerchief still. Yesterday I was afraid he was going. One of his drinking mates came to ask him to go with him to the canteen. He had half a crown, and begged my husband to go with him; he took hold of his arm, and they went half-way over to the canteen. Oh! my heart was sore, but all at once my husband turned around and pulled his arm loose and came back. *Oh! he is cured, he is cured!*"

Here the man came up, such a transformed face! and with tears of joy he said, "It is all true, Missis, all true what you told me! My wife wants to know, but I did not know if I

might tell her." Evidently he felt so wondrous a power might be too sacred to speak of, and had a dread of its being withdrawn.

"Oh, yes!" I said, "You may tell her all."

"Then wife," he said, lowering his voice to an awed whisper, "It's a Name, just a Name." Then turning to me, "May I tell the Name?" On my assenting, he breathed rather than uttered the word, "Jesus." It is impossible to convey in words what was borne in on my soul then. It has lived with me ever since. It has come to me in hours of greatest darkness, and brought light. It has swept thru my being in moments of terrible temptation, and again and again when I have been at the point of yielding, it has brought me victory. It has given me hope for the most helplessly lost lives, and the recital of this that took place that day has brought deliverance to numbers. More drink slaves have been set free by telling them of that record in the third chapter of Acts, and this incident which grew out of it, than by any other message which it has been given me to bring to them.

I now feel I must send forth the lesson learned that day on a wider mission, to hearts and lives my voice will never reach. Brothers, sisters, enslaved by drink or any other evil habit or passion, "*Try the Name.*" It has untold power. That old heathen Mochuana found it able to save, able to deliver, able to give perfect soundness to his poor diseased body, helplessly shattered will power and besotted, degraded soul. "Jesus, just a Name," so he described it to his wife. He told us that all he had done after leaving me was to say that "Name" to himself, and the craving for the drink went away from him, and he felt just as he did before he had ever tasted the stuff; as he put it, "His mouth felt clean like a little child's," and his body was well and strong. Of the day when he allowed the drinking companion by force and argument to get him to go towards the canteen, and so was mentally yielding, he said, "When I was going to the canteen all at once the old disease came back. I felt it burn in me. I wanted the drink. I felt it all over my body; the sickness was on me again. I was so frightened, but just as I was half way to the canteen, there by that bush, I called out softly three times, 'Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!' and the disease just left me at once, and my body felt cool, and I turned back,

and so, wife, you see it's just a Name."

Oh, blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, "that Name" stands eternal in its saving power. It is for you, for me to lay hold of it. His name, thru faith in His name, has given to every life that trusts it fully that perfect soundness in the presence of all which caused that first glad recipient of its power in Acts 3, after a lifetime of crippled helplessness, to go walking and leaping and praising God; and you, dear friend, who are agonizing under the cruel power of drink or some other sinful habit, shall also thus rejoice, and say with the old Mochuana, "It is true, all true, I am healed thru the Name."

"Wherefore also God highly exalted Him, and gave unto Him the name which is above every name, that in the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth" (Phil. 2: 9-10. R. V.)—in *Living Water*.

"YO' IS COME TO JIST DE RIGHT PLACE."

It was in the lecture room of one of the splendid churches in Boston's Back Bay district, says John H. Elliott, in the *Christian Endeavor World*.

I had been speaking to a company of intelligent, albeit coldly critical, men on the subject of "Individual Evangelism." I could not tell whether a man agreed with me or had received the least help from what I had said. I think possibly a hundred men had heard me patiently and respectfully through, and I was about to dismiss the meeting, when suddenly a well-dressed, prosperous-looking man sitting near the rear arose, and asked the privilege of saying a word.

Thinking possibly he was a crank who wanted to air his peculiar views, I said guardedly, "Certainly you can, if you will be brief."

Walking out into the aisle, he began: "Up until a few months ago I have been what men would call a prosperous man, engaged for years in the liquor business in this city of Boston. But I became dissatisfied with myself and my business, and made up my mind that I would seek out a church and begin a different life if such a thing were possible. So one night I wandered off, looking for a

church here in Back Bay. You will pardon my ignorance when I tell you I did not know that churches were not open every night. I went from one to another, only to find them all closed.

"At last, in utter discouragement, I turned to go home, when, passing a church I had not thought of before, I saw a light in the basement. Going in, I asked the colored sexton if there was a service going on; and, when he informed me in a kindly way there was none, I was led to tell him my trouble. Without a moment's hesitation he said: 'Why Lawd bless yo' soul, my brodder, yo' is come to jist de right place. Come ober here and kneel down, and we'll tell de Lawd all about it.' He prayed, and told me to pray. I do not suppose it was the conventional prayer-meeting prayer; but I knew what I wanted, and I asked the Lord for that; and He answered me and saved my soul. It did not take long for me to get out of my business, and I have been a happy man ever since.

"Can you imagine my surprise and delight when I came in here tonight, and saw my colored brother over there by the window?"

Stepping up the aisle, he stretched out his hand, and said: "Come out here, my brother. I want to take your hand, and once again thank you for what you did for me."

A colored man arose, and I requested the two men to come to the front, and stand with clasped hands as we all joined in a closing prayer. I have always felt that that dramatic scene was part of the Holy Spirit's programme to make that meeting effective in stirring every man's heart as it stirred mine.

Why cannot every one of us be just as ready and alert as that godly sexton was to help a soul in its deepest need? We sell people tickets, entertain them, sing to them, preach to them, talk to them, educate them, build them up physically, and pray at them. Why not introduce our Friend and Master to them? If you want to know real joy, if you wish to freshen your own Christian experience, here is the secret.

*"Tis not enough to say, we're sorry and
repent,
And just go on from day to day, just
as we went."*

SELECTED.

THE OLD GLOVES

A very earnest request came to me one day when in New York city, urging me to go and visit a lady dying with consumption, who was in great distress of mind. The name of the person and number of the house, on Twentieth street, was given to me, and I promised to go. Accordingly on the next day I reached the place, and was shown upstairs to the sick chamber. On the bed lay a middle aged woman with eyes wearing that peculiar look which left no doubt as to the disease under which she was wasting away. As I approached the bed she greeted me with tears and expression of great anxiety and almost despair itself.

I said to her, "Well, dear friend, what is the matter that makes you so wretched?"

She continued to weep, and after a while sobbed her grief in words like these: "Is it possible that I am going to be lost after all? I am dying, and yet I have seen no visions—no angels have come to my bed as I have read of in the case of others. I have heard no heavenly music, and I have no fulness of joy and glory in my soul. Why is it? O must I be driven away from that blessed Saviour's face who shed His Blood for me? I could endure the thought of hell, but I can't endure the awful thought of being driven away from my Savior."

"I am very glad," I replied, "that you have had no visions or songs, or wonderful joys—you ought to thank God for that."

"Why, what do you mean?" said the woman, in great astonishment.

"I mean simply this: The Scriptures say, 'The just shall live by faith,'

(Rom. 1: 17). "We (that is, Christians, or true believers) walk by faith, not by sight." (II Cor. 5: 7). It is not seeing, hearing or feeling, but believing. If you had been having some of those extraordinary things I should doubt whether your hope was real. It certainly would not be Scriptural. But do you believe in God's Word? Do you believe all that the Word says about Christ?" (John 20:31).

"Yes," was the reply, "every word of God is true, but I am all wrong."

"Thank God for that," I said. "Then you will be ready to trust solely and only in Christ, who is all right. We are accepted, not in ourselves, but in Christ the beloved (Eph. 1: 6). We are complete, not in our feelings or experiences, but in Christ the righteous One (Col. 2: 10). And it is not written whosoever sees angels, hears heavenly music, gets, a glimpse of heavenly glory, or feels wonderful joy shall be saved, but whosoever believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ—whosoever trusts in Him as the Savior sent from heaven to put away sin (Heb. 9: 26), and take sinners into glory (Heb. 2: 10), shall never perish (John 3: 16), shall never be confounded (I Peter 2:6), shall never die (John 11). More than this, whosoever believeth in Jesus shall have forgiveness (Acts 10: 43), is justified from all things (Acts 13: 39), has everlasting life (John 6: 47). If you truly believe, then you are amongst those who live by faith, and who have all these blessings."

After a few struggles with unbelief in one form or another, the truth dawned upon her soul. Several Scriptures were then read and unfolded, until her heart was led away from herself, and fully occupied with the Lord. As soon as her mind became absorbed in thoughts of the Savior there was no lack of joy, while the Holy Spirit re-

vealed His fulness to her soul, meeting its vast and varied needs. There came too, thoughts about those who were dear to her on earth; for the greater our love to the Beloved One, the truer and the more intense our love to those dear unto us. She spoke of her husband and of her youngest daughter asking earnest prayer in their behalf.

I then bade her good morning and went downstairs, where I was met by the unsaved daughter. When I spoke with her I found her frank to a fault, and she opened up her mind without reserve.

I said, "Your dear mother believes that she can live but a short time. She is very anxious about you. It would make her death happy to see you a true Christian before she goes. Are you a Christian?"

"No sir."

"Would you really like to be one?"

"Yes, sir, I would."

"Would you be willing to be a Christian now if you knew it was the Lord's will?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have no doubt about that. You feel quite sure that you want to be a Christian now?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

I then pulled out of my pocket an old pair of kid gloves and said, "Suppose I want to give these gloves away, and suppose they are just the thing you need—you want them much. Now suppose I offered them to you, wouldn't you take them at once?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then they would be yours?"

"Yes they would."

"Well now, look. You have a lot of old sins which have been accumulating these many years. Don't you want to get rid of them?"

"Yes, sir, I do want to get rid of them."

"Very well then, is it not a fact that Jesus wants to take all your sins and put them away that He may save you?"

"Yes, sir, I believe He does."

"There can be no doubt of that. If He did not want to save us, He would not have lived and died for us as sinners (Rom. 5: 6-8). Now, I can't show you your sins and 'filthy rags of righteousness' like you see these gloves, nor can I show you the Savior waiting to take them, but you know you have the sins, and you believe Jesus wants to take them. Now, can you believe that because you want to get rid of your sins, and because He wants to take them, therefore, He does take them—He has taken them—they are gone?"

"I will try to believe."

"No, dear friend, that will not do. It is not trying to believe, but believing. To doubt, is to believe either that Jesus is unwilling or, that you are unwilling that He should have them. Do you see that?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Then will you believe that He has taken your sins?"

She hesitated and for the first time seemed to be trembling with deep emotion. It was the struggle of her heart against unbelief. At length, the tears were wiped from her eyes, and she spoke.

"I do believe."

"Then your sins are gone, are they?" I inquired.

"Yes, I believe they are."

"Thank God for that," I said. "Now will you from this time praise the Lord for having taken away your sins (John 1: 29), and will you give your whole spirit, soul and body to Him in grateful service for what He has done for you?"

"Yes, sir, by His help I will," she said as we shook hands and parted.

About a week after this I returned to visit the dying mother, and was met

at the door by the elder sister who was a devoted Christian. She greeted me with the utmost joy saying, "O Mr. C—— you don't know what a change has taken place in my sister. She has always been cross and selfish and disagreeable, and the hardest one in the house to get along with, but she is completely changed: she is kind and good and agreeable, and goes about her work singing hymns all day long."

It was not long until this happy girl came into the room herself, with the joy of her heart beaming out in her face. There was no mistaking the fact that she had believed in Christ, and was born again (I John 5: 1). Being born of the Spirit she had the blessed fruit which is first pure, then peaceable, (James 3: 17).

In a few weeks after this I met her pastor who hailed me on the street, and said he had some good news to tell me. After asking if I remembered visiting one of his flock who was very ill, when I had some conversation with the youngest daughter who professed to trust in the Savior, he told me she had been baptized by him the Lord's Day previous, having given the clearest evidence that she was truly converted. I was glad to learn from his lips that she had gone to the streets and gathered a Sunday School class, which she had undertaken to teach. And this is just the way. As soon as we find Jesus, the Savior, for ourselves, we should go out after others and bring them to Him (John 1: 37-42).

Now, dear friend, do you want to get rid of your sins? Then you may part with them just as simply and blessedly as this young lady in New York did. Here she was asked to give her sins to Jesus, but the Gospel is still better than that. Our sins have already been laid on Him, and He has taken them away (Is. 53: 6; I Peter 2:

24). To believe on Him, then, is to have the forgiveness of sins now (Acts 10: 43; Eph. 1: 7). To doubt is to refuse to believe what God has said concerning His Son, and therefore to make Him a liar (I John 5: 9, 10). "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" John 3: 18). But "he that believeth is justified from all things" (Acts 13: 39). Where are you?—*A Tract.*

AFRICA, DARK AFRICA.

"Africa, favored as the training-ground of the Jewish people before they were permitted to enter the land of Canaan; Africa, chosen of God as an asylum for His own Son; Africa, permitted, by Simon the Cyrenian, to share with Christ the burden of the cross; Africa, the home of the many giants of intellect in the early church; Africa, bathed in the blood of early martyrs—truly this Africa stretches out her hands unto God."

Taking the above facts into consideration and knowing how close Africa lies to the Holy Land, and how its history intermingles, I am sure that God is intensely interested in that dark land. Christianity spread rapidly in the first two centuries, for at Pentecost there were men there from every nation, and among that number were Africans. The eunuch whom Philip so faithfully dealt with was an African, and some of the brightest men in the history of the Christian church, men who sealed their faith with their blood, were from North Africa. Take the history of Perpetua, of Carthage. She was a young mother of birth and a faithful Christian. The edict of Septimus Severus, in the year of our Lord 202, forbade conversion to Chris-

tianity on penalty of death; so, according to this edict, Perpetua must renounce her faith in the Lord Jesus or suffer the death penalty. She first suffered imprisonment, and withstood the pleadings of her pagan father, who, with his silvery hair and long-flowing beard and weeping eyes, plead with her on his knees to renounce Christ, but to no avail. Then her baby was brought, and for its sake she was begged to become a traitor to her Lord, but to no avail. Her heart yearned over her little one and the weeping father, but to deny her Lord was more than she could do. Finally, when nothing could move her from her determination to worship Jesus, and Him only, she was taken out and thrown into the arena to be torn up by the horns of a wild bull, and was finally released from anguish and torture by the dagger of a gladiator, her redeemed spirit going home to live forever with her God. This is only a glimpse of the life history of one from among thousands who suffered martyrdom for His sake in North Africa.

Sad to relate, instead of going on and pressing the battle for Christianity down through Central and South Africa, historians tell us Christianity settled down to education and refinement, and finally through the centuries the holy zeal and fire died out, and Africa became an open sore to the nations, a dark continent, a benighted land, a land of superstition, witchcraft, devilism, and such. To-day her dark-skinned tribes are stretching out their hands for help. They are not satisfied; how could they be? They are looking and longing for something, they know not what. Oh! we know what they want, what they long for, it is Christ, the glorious risen Christ of Calvary, and with us it rests whether Africa shall again hear the story of her redemption or not. With in our hands, through the Holy Spirit

lies the power to bring her the message. "How shall they call upon Him of whom they have not heard? how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

Every child of God has a responsibility in the taking of the Gospel of our Lord and Savior to those who are sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. The preacher cannot go unless you send him. It takes three to win the heathen to Jesus—the Lord, the sender and him that goes. We cannot all do the same work, but we can have our share, we can send or go. We can give something to help spread the Gospel message. If we tithe, as we are commanded to, we will have something to give to help reap ripened harvest-fields. It is not from the rich that most of the missionary money comes, but from the Lord's common folks. True, a dollar will not save the world, but coupled with another, and another, and another, it will help to take the Gospel to the heathen. Oh, "despise not the day of small things!" Give as unto the Lord and He will reward you.—*"God's Revivalist and Bible Advocate."*

HOW THE CATHOLICES LOOK UPON IT.

There are a great many Protestants, and they are continually increasing, who not only admit, but contend that the Roman Catholic church is a Christian church, a sister church. They do not quite believe all her doctrines; they still believe her, however, to be a Christian church. They feel greatly offended if the Catholic church is criticized; but one finds not such sentiments on the part of the Roman Catholics. The coming together of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism is all on the part of Protest-

antism. Take for instance an editorial in "The Western Watchman" of Sept. 9. In discussing a marriage between a professed Catholic and a Protestant woman, the editor says:

"There was a time when Catholics could validly marry outside the church, but that time is past. For over a year every Catholic who marries before any other than a priest is not married. His partner becomes a mistress, and the children, if any are born to them, are declared illegitimate. The laws of the little State of Missouri may consider them married, but the whole Catholic world pronounces the union a concubinage." "When a Protestant marries a Catholic outside his church, she consents to pose before the whole Catholic world as a mistress and only as a mistress." "Those children can not be denied baptism, but they must be recorded as illegitimate. A man posing as a Catholic who asks a woman to marry him before a squire or a Protestant minister, simply insults her. He wishes her to become his concubine. To marry him and preserve her self-respect, it would be necessary for him to publicly renounce his Catholicity."

Certainly this is clear and unequivocal. Protestants know just where Roman Catholics stand. "The Western Watchman" is one of the leading Roman Catholic papers in the United States; and the acknowledged dean of Catholic editors is the Rev. D. S. Phelan, who has charge of it.—*Sel.*

THE HOME OF CHILDHOOD.

Many times with fond recollections our minds are carried back thru the years of time to the dear old home of childhood.

That home, tho it may be desolate now, and many changes have taken place, yet, it is still fresh in our memory

today, memories that cannot be destroyed by time. This home, if it be a Christian home, is a very beautiful type of our home above, the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

Home is more than simply a place to dwell, however attractive in its surroundings and decorations.

The simplest home, however humble, may be the dearest spot on earth because of its mutual affections—the home of the heart, the home of childhood.

That we may better appreciate the Christian homes which God has given us, let us consider the vast multitude of people who really have no home; none that are typical of heaven in peace, and refinement, and mutual love. How many poor little children are born in homes of vice, poverty, and crime, left to drift out upon life's storm-tossed billows alone; to be chilled by the angry waves of misfortune and void of human sympathy and help! Such homes are only places of abode. They are scattered all over the world. We who can look back thru the mist of years, and rejoice with fond recollections of the dear old home of our childhood, the place where we received our first and lasting impressions of the great cause that made our home life so happy; what are we doing to brighten and illuminate the homes so darkened by sin and misery?—*Ruth Buckwalter, in Gospel Herald*

LISTENING TO THE BIBLE.

A good many Christian people are tired of the Bible. It is startling to think this, and to say it; yet many a Christian in entire honesty has to admit it. Most of us have had the experience, at least as a temporary one. We believe in the Bible; we know that it is the most

wonderful book in the world; but perhaps it does not hold us with the same spontaneous freshness and interest that we find some other books have for us. What is the trouble? At the close of a recent summer Conference many were testifying to their new vision and appropriation of Christ as their life. Some had found that the Bible had thereby become a new book to them, and the leader made a striking suggestion. We had unconsciously thought, he said, of the Bible as a music-box, which could play a certain number of tunes; we would wind it up, and listen to those old familiar tunes—and we had gotten tired of them. But now we are finding that the Bible is not a music-box, but a telephone, and that our Lord Jesus Christ is at the other end of the telephone. Realizing that it is He that is there speaking to us, we find its message His message, always new. Have you exchanged your music-box for a telephone? "I will hear what God will speak" (Psa. 85: 8).—*Sunday School Times.*

Robert Morrison, the first Protestant Missionary to China, died strong in the faith that salvation would come to the Chinese. Yet he had labored there for twenty-seven years, fighting against hatred, opposition and persecution, and won by his own efforts but two converts. Here is a lesson of faith and patience that many of God's workers need to learn.—*Scl.*

"The drug habit is fast filling our hospitals on every hand. Special wards are being established in city hospitals for the treatment of the rapidly-multiplying morphine fiends and opium eaters, and the countless victims of cocaine, and the scores of dupes who are doping themselves to death with arsenic, or quinine, or calomel or other drugs."

TIME, DEATH AND ETERNITY.

READER: Thy time on earth is short. The closing year, each setting sun, each tick of the clock, is shortening thy days on earth, and swiftly, silently, but surely carrying thee on—on to ETERNITY and to God. The year, the day, the hour, the moment will arrive that will close thy life on earth, and begin thy song in Heaven, or thy wail in Hell. No future hour shall come to bring thee back to earth again, thou art there forever for ETERNITY.

Today thy feet stand on *Time's* sinking sand; *To-morrow* the footprints remain, but thou art gone—where? Into ETERNITY.

Today thy hands are busy at work, thine eyes are beholding, thy mind is thinking, thou art planing for the future. *To-morrow* all is still; the folded arm, the closed eye remain, but thou art gone—gone to ETERNITY. Others were once busy as thou art; they are gone—gone to *Eternity*. The merry voice, the painted clown, the talented artist, whose presence made the theatre and the pantomime an attraction for thee, are gone; they are removed far from the region of fiction to that reality—the reality of *Eternity*. The shrewd merchant whose voice was so familiar to thee on the crowded Exchange is hushed, he buys and sells no more—he has entered *Eternity*.....

And, reader, *thine own* turn to enter *Eternity* will shortly come. Ask thy-

self honestly, "Am I prepared for *Eternity*." Give thy conscience time to answer; listen, it speaks to thee today. Drown not its voice lest it speak to thee no more. Let the Heaven and the Hell of the future stand before thee in all their reality; one of these must be thine *Eternal dwelling place*, and today is the time to make thy choice. To-morrow may be too late—one day behind time. *Which* art thou living for? *Which* art thou travelling to?

To go from the haunts of sin, debauchery and vice to the presence of God and the Lamb—impossible; from the crowd of the condemned, and the race for gold and gain, to the song of the redeemed, and the crown of glory. No, never! *Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God*. Reader, hast thou been born again? If so, well; but if not, the horrors of an *Eternal Hell* are awaiting thee and today thou art nearer its quenchable flame than thou hast ever been before.

Halt! Why will you meet God with an unsaved soul? He wills it not. Today He pleads. Turn ye, why will ye die?

*"Time's sun is fast setting, its twilight is nigh,
Its evening is falling in clouds o'er the sky,
Its shadows are stretching in ominous gloom.
Then haste, sinner haste, there's mercy for thee
And wrath is preparing—flee lingerer, flee!"*

This tract can be had of S. R. Smith, Grantham, Pa., 15c per 100; \$1.00 per 1000, postpaid.

LOST, LOST.

READER:—That is a solemn word! "Lost at sea"—"Lost in infamy"—"Lost in Death"—"A lost man"—"A lost woman"—"A lost child." All these words call up sad thoughts. But to be lost at *last*!—how mournful. What a fate for you or for me. What an end for one who might have been a son of God, an heir of glory, a companion of angels and glorified saints; to miss the heavenly port, and fail of the grace of God, to *perish* and be *lost*!

—TOMBSTONE EPITAPH— ..

What an epitaph would that be. What a sad word to close up the history of a being destined for immortality—*lost*! Young, brave, polite, witty—but *lost*! Beautiful, amiable, caressed, flattered—but *lost*! Serious, moral, courteous, affectionate—but *lost*! Correct in deportment, a church-goer, benevolent, learned, respected—but *lost*!

Reader, shall such a record be written above the resting place of your buried hopes? "*Lost! Lost!*" Oh, 'tis a terrible thing to be lost in the wilderness; to be lost at sea; to have your ship ground to fragments amid the roaring tumult of the breakers and the frowning terrors of a lee shore; to feel that only one single plank holds you back from death, and that that will soon be swept from your enfeebled grasp; but oh, how much more terrible to be lost in eternity, to be ship-wrecked and dashed along dark ruin's fiery coast, to be drowned in destruction and perdition, to be lost amid the surging billows of the lake of fire and brimstone—to be *Lost! Lost! Lost!* Lost from mercy, and joy, and bliss—lost from peace, and life, and gladness—lost beyond hope or help, beyond remedy or release.

—TERRIBLE TO SEEK FOR GAIN—

Terrible as this word is, it will close up the history of multitudes. "What

shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and *lose himself*, or be a castaway?" And it is a solemn fact that while no man ever *has* gained the whole world, thousands have been *lost* in the attempt. Shall this be *your* destiny? Do you tread the path of ambition and seek to gain the dizzy heights of power? Oh, look and see how many, in treading that perilous path, have been lost! Do you seek wealth?—ah, multitudes have lost themselves there. Satan has his hook in that pile of gold.

Do you seek pleasure? A young lady stood on the verge that overhung the boiling flood of Niagara, and saw a beautiful flower growing there. She coveted it; she reached forth her hand:

—TERRIBLE TO SEEK FOR PLEASURE—
to pluck it, but bending above that dread abyss, her foot slipped, and she was—*lost*! Ah, reader! the flowery path you tread overhangs perdition's awful gulf, and those beauteous blossoms of pride and praise are waving far out above the fiery deep: pluck them and you are *lost! Lost!*

—CHRISTLESS READER LOST NOW—

Christless reader, you are *lost now*. Not fatally, not irrecoverably. Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Christ is thy hope. You are a "lost sheep," but the Shepherd of Israel seeks you today. You are a *lost son*, but a father's heart yearns over the absent prodigal. Will you return? Ah, you are in darkness—you know not how. Let me tell you: Years ago a man was benighted in one of the mining regions in England. He lost his way. It was dark. Dangers were thick around him. The next step

The forgoing tract which is complete in a small eight page, 3½ by 5 in. booklet, with an attractive cover, can be had of S. R. Smith, Grantham, Pa., at 4 cents per copy; 40 cents per doz; \$1.50 per fifty; \$2.50 per hundred, postpaid. This booklet has proved a wonderful inspiration to some who were lost in